

HON. GARRETT A. HOBART

Formally Notified of His Nomination at St. Louis

As Candidate for Vice-President of the United States—The Speech of Chairman Fairbanks and Mr. Hobart's Response.

PATERSON, N. J., July 8.—Flags were displayed from nearly every house in this city in honor of the visit of the committee which notified Garrett A. Hobart of his nomination for the vice-presidency on the republican ticket.

The committee of notification, of which Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, is chairman, arrived at Paterson at 11 a. m. The members of the committee were met by John R. Beam, of Paterson, and Albert A. Wilcox, Mr. Hobart's private secretary. The party drove at once to Mr. Hobart's house, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart. About twenty Patersonians were present by invitation.

A band stationed on the piazza struck up a lively tune. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart stood in the hallway and received the committee, headed by Chairman Fairbanks and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart

the policy of the government as to that question is at all a matter of doubt. Gold is the one standard of value among all enlightened commercial nations. All financial transactions of whatever character, all business enterprise, all individual or corporate investments are adjusted to it. An honest dollar, worth 100 cents everywhere, can not be coined out of 33 cents' worth of silver, plus a legislative fiat. Such a debasement of our currency would inevitably produce incalculable loss, appalling disaster and national dishonor.

It is a fundamental principle in coinage, recognized and followed by all the statesmen of America, and never yet departed from, that there can be only one basis on which gold and silver may be concurrently coined as money, and that basis is equality, not in weight, but in the commercial value of the metal contained in the respective coins. This commercial value is fixed by the markets of the world with which the great interests of our country are necessarily connected by innumerable business ties which can not be severed or ignored. Great and self-reliant as our country is, it is not great alone within its own borders and by its own resources, but because it also reaches out to the ends of the earth in all the departments of business, exchange and commerce, and must maintain with honor its standing and credit among the nations of the earth.

The question admits of no compromise. It is a vital principle at stake, but it is in no sense partisan or sectional. It concerns all the people. Ours as one of the foremost nations, must have a monetary system equal to the best.

It is of vital consequence that this question should be settled now in such a way as to restore public confidence here and everywhere.

A LITTLE FAIRY.

There was once a little fairy
In a toy shop in the west,
Dressed in garments white and shining
With a crown and spangled vest.
And her eyes were blue and tender,
And her smile was glad and sweet;
She was wound inside with clockwork,
So she danced with tireless feet.

It chanced that to the window
Came a little prince one day,
In a dainty suit of velvet
And a cap with feathers gay.
And he praised her for her beauty
And the lightness of her dance,
Till her foolish heart was fluttered
By the wonder of his glance.

The little prince was wealthy,
So he bought her for his own,
And the fairy and her spangles
And her heart were his alone.
Then she whispered, oh, so gladly,
As he held her far away;
"Though I'm but a silly fairy,
He will love me now away."

But he wearied of his plaything,
Just as wiser people do,
And he broke her heart, he told me,
When she old and faded grew.
He had other things to please him—
Ships and horses too, I trow,
And you wouldn't know the fairy
If you chanced to see her now.

—Florence Hoare, in Fall Mall Gazette.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

The lion is not by any means a loving or a lovable beast. I have not enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this king of quadrupeds in his native wilds and solitudes. I speak now simply from a home experience—from what I have seen of him in zoological gardens, traveling caravans and menageries; but, judging from these posts of observation, I think I have formed a tolerably fair estimate of his character and disposition. The story of the mouse that nibbled the net, set the captive monarch free, and earned the latter's undying gratitude; with that of Androcles, picking out the thorn, and discovering an old friend years afterwards in the fierce animal who had been commissioned to eat him, are all very well, and pretty and picturesque in their way, but these were evidently exceptionally good-natured brutes, and modern representatives of the "genus" would, I fear, have exhibited far less scruple and made short work of both.

I have always, from a boy, liked to stand within a few inches (the bars between us) of one of these majestic creatures, and peer into those huge bronze eyes, turned scornfully away with that far-off look as though gazing into the depths of distant forests. I was one day thus interestingly engaged, when a young artist came, with crayons and sketch-book, in the hope of getting a good front view of our tawny friend's physiognomy and transferring it afterwards to canvas; but the latter, not in a mood to appreciate the compliment, wheeled deliberately round and sat down with his back to us. Getting tired of the sulk, however, by and by he arose and went to quench his thirst at the trough. "Nothing could be better," cried the enraptured artist. "I wanted to catch him at that," and he made a splendid picture with a few masterly strokes of a little bit of charcoal, held lightly between his finger and thumb.

On another occasion I stood watching a very large lion in the L. Zoological gardens. He had finished his dinner and was lying half asleep in the front of the cage, with his paws crossed and a huge well-polished bone between them, when a handsome young sailor approached, put his hand coolly through the bars, seized the drooping captive by the mane, and shook him as one would a tame cat. The lion awoke quickly at the insult, and darted forth a paw, but I pulled the daring youth back by the collar just in time to save his arm. I shall not soon forget the rage of the angry beast behind the bars, the lightning flash of his eyes, and the roar he set up at not being able to redress the grievance.

Let me now shift the scene from England to a small settlement in upper Canada, 100 miles or more north of Lake Ontario, and not far from one of my old hunting-grounds.

Hans Derriek, an enterprising showman, by dint of infinite pains and perseverance, had brought up his four caravans of animals into the "bush" on exhibition. Being quite a new thing in that out-of-the-way part of the world, Derriek's collection drew numbers of people from the neighboring settlements, and there was a full tent of enthusiastic spectators, a wild-beast performance being promised as part of the show. Next to the elephant, who claimed the largest share of popular wonder and admiration, the lion—called "Gen. Taylor," in compliment to that military hero who was then earning laurels in Mexico—enjoyed a fair amount of both. He was a prodigious fine specimen, and, except now and then, when something ruffled him (on which occasion he thought nothing of eating a keeper or two), a beast of tolerably amiable deportment and gentlemanly manners. I was subsequently informed that he had bitten off the head of a young girl who was supposed to be a particular favorite of his. Derriek, though I detected a little anxiety on his countenance at times, was able to walk into his cage, caress him, and do other things that kept the onlookers' hearts in a pleasing state of palpitation. Having gone through these everyday feats, he now advanced, whip in hand, and invited any person present to accompany him into the den and shake its grim occupant by the paw.

There was a dead silence. No one moved. "Will any gentleman come forward?" repeated Hans, gazing round the sea of faces. "The general is in good humor to-night and receives company."

Still no one accepted his offer. A man got up from his seat, but sat down again suddenly. Two others did the same, their wives seizing them by their jacket skirts.

Derriek laughed scornfully. "What!" he cried, striking his boot with the light whip he held, "I see several six-foot-and-a-half fellows among you, and

is there not one daring enough to follow me?"

Nettled at this challenge, which I regarded as a reflection on the British coolness and courage, I arose and nodded.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the young Englishman is going in!" was the immediate cry, and the shouts and clapping of hands and stamping served to excite the lion, who walked up and down his cage and lashed his tail, stopping ever and anon to look menacingly through the bars.

"Have a red-hot iron ready," whispered Hans to a tall and powerful negro, who was one of his staff.

I regarded this "aside" as a test for my nerves, but learned afterwards that Derriek was not joking; the "General's" temper being often extremely uncertain.

Hans now entered the long caravan, desiring me to follow and close the door behind me; to keep my eye steadily on "Taylor," and when I retired, to walk slowly backwards while he (Derriek) covered my retreat. He then gave the general a smart cut or two with his whip—for which playful piece of chastisement I was certainly not able to appreciate the exact necessity at this critical moment.

The people in the circus nearly all leaped to their feet as word went round that the "General" had been the death of two of his valets-de-chambre, and severely bitten and clapper-clawed another, who was only rescued from his clutch by the application of a kitchen poker at a white heat thrust into his flank.

I held up my hand to beg for quiet, but it was of no use; some of the men scrambled over the benches and strode forward boisterously.

I did not feel encouraged by this impudent display of interest in the proceedings, but I knew that it was best to put a bold front on matters; and walking steadily forward, I placed my hand upon the gigantic beast's shoulder, smoothing down his mane at the same time in a way that I intended to be friendly. "So, ho, General! So ho, old boy!"

This was the easiest part of the business, and my reception (not having been honored with an invite) was more gracious than I had any right or reason to expect.

"How do you feel, sir?" inquired Hans. "Pretty calm and collected?"

"Oh, quite, thank you."

"Ever presented before?"

"Only once that I am able to recollect."

"There's a claw for you!" holding it up with an air of pride. "Mind you don't tread on it, for it would take a handsomer apology than you could offer to atone for the offense."

"I will endeavor not to offend."

"Would you like to put your head in the General's mouth?"

"Decidedly not, being unprovided with a spare one."

"Will you get on his back?"

"I should prefer taking a few riding lessons first. Will you oblige me by keeping that whip of yours quiet?"

"Well, yes. Open your jaws, General, and show the gentleman your box of ivory."

"Very fine, indeed; and all his own, I presume?"

"Just so," laughing; "he has not troubled the dentist much that I am aware of."

The lion at this juncture of the dialogue gave me a most malignant look. Was he hurt at what I was insinuating about his teeth? And there was a suppressed ventriloquial roar and rumbling, like thunder dying away among distant hills.

"I was wrong," muttered Derriek, with a slight hesitation in his manner, "our friend is not in the best of tempers to-night. I would rather you didn't stay longer. He is displeased at something. Retire steadily, with your face toward us—steadily, mark you; any sudden rush or show of mark you, and you are lost! He is forcing me back, and means mischief. Ha! dare you, you brute!"

This angry remonstrance was offered to the lion, and not to myself, for the beast was glaring fiercely at me over Hans' arm and shoulder, and describing unpleasant hieroglyphics with the tip of his tail. Then came another series of those internal rumblings that had startled me before. I felt sorry that I had made that disparaging remark about the animal's teeth; but it was too late to withdraw it now. I reached the door, and opened it. Derriek, gradually yielding ground, forced nearly off his legs, and appearing to have lost all his presence of mind, could not do what he intended, and I saw that every instant was precious. Making a rapid, undignified exit, therefore, I dragged him after me with one hand, half by the hair and half by the coat-collar, and with the other slammed the gate, which fastened with a spring. I had acted quite on the impulse of the moment, and without knowing much what I did; but it was the right thing, I was told. The charge of the infuriated general followed, and the shock nearly sent the bars flying from their sockets. Then Hans and I both sat down and laughed.

"Not bad!" cried he, wringing my hand. "Phew! it was warm work. Let us go and take a drink."

I hope I am not doing the good people of K— an injustice, but judging from the vociferous plaudits I received from some, and the ambiguous greetings of others, I was led to infer that while half the assembled company were glad to see me once more safe and sound among them, the remainder were a little disappointed and chagrined at my not having formed one of the side dishes for the general's supper.—Argosy.

The Dog Watch.

"The dog watch," a term used by sailors, was once the dog watch, a short watch being introduced between these longer in duration in order that too great an amount of work should not be put upon the same men in the course of the day.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

A whole cow in Clay county, Kan., must be worth a good deal of money. The tail of one chewed off by a dog the other day cost the owner of the dog \$27.50.

A curious race on the glaciers is to be run on one of the Dauphine Alps. Competitors are allowed six hours to complete the race, and part of the competition will be on the Norwegian ski.

At Ventnor, Isle of Wight, the skeletons of three human beings were found embedded in chalk cliffs near the railway station. They belonged to an early British period.

The St. James Budget keeps up the record of British ignorance of America by printing a broadside picture entitled "The Tornado in Massachusetts—Views of St. Louis."

In four European towns Hebrews are most numerous—viz., Hamburg, 1 in 32; Frankfurt, 1 in 17; Amsterdam, 1 in 17; Warsaw, 1 in 8. In Jerusalem the Hebrews are one in two of the other inhabitants.

A Wisconsin land improvement company, with a main irrigation canal 20 feet wide and 6 feet deep, has reclaimed 25 square miles of good farming land in the Muskegon lake region.

The Michigan agricultural board has adopted a four-year course of study for women at the state agricultural college. It includes poultry raising, domestic economy, languages, music, painting and floral culture.

Library students in Paris wear "muzzles" when perusing old books in the national library, "not because there is fear they will bite the old volumes, but to prevent the inhalation of the book microbes into their lungs."

OF WOMEN AND LOVE.

How true it is that when love rages, common sense is extinct.

Before a woman can be compromised she must compromise herself.

When a man sees no way out of a difficulty there is always a woman's way.

A woman can achieve more by ten minutes of gentleness than a man can by an hour of violent bluster.

It is so unnatural for a woman to be selfish that when she is so she is apt to be thought more selfish than any man can be.

A man seeks and demands a woman's first love. A woman feels more secure when she feels that she has a man's last love.

An honest avowal of love is always considered by a woman, whether she rejects or accepts it, as the highest recognition of her womanhood.

There may be nothing new under the sun. But there are many new things under the moon which we all pretend to see and which nothing would persuade us to speak of.

The purest and best of women always show the deepest and tenderest compassion for their fallen sisters. For a woman to be without sympathy is to be a woman without the highest trait of womanhood.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

There are two violet farms in the United States, both managed entirely by women.

The American duchess of Marlborough is second only to royalty as a "drawing card" at bazars and the like in England.

The German empress has during the last year grown much stouter and she is seriously thinking of trying some cure, as she has a great horror of growing too fat.

Travel with a Friend

Who will protect you from those enemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of the ill laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtsmen, commercial and theatrical agents and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

Mrs. Newco (to clerk).—"Have you any wax for polished floors?" Clerk—"No; we only have sealing wax." Mrs. Newco—"Well, that will do. It's for the ceiling. I suppose it will do for the floor just as well!"—Washington Times.

"Where does the weather forecast man go for his vacation?" "He doesn't go anywhere; he doesn't dare to come down out of that tower."—Chicago Tribune.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. J. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"—Truth.

"Miss Olden is one old maid who doesn't try to conceal her age." "Yes, but she knows it's no use." "Why?" "Her twin brother lives with her!"—Chicago Record.

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Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey.

were assisted by a number of ladies and gentlemen.

At 12 o'clock the band moved away from the piazza and took up their position on the lawn. There were about 3,000 persons in front of the house at the time. At 12:05 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hobart went out on the piazza, and Mr. Fairbanks came out and made his address. He said:

Chairman Fairbanks' Speech. MR. HOBART.—The republican national convention recently assembled at St. Louis commissioned us to formally notify you of our nomination for the office of vice-president of the United States. We are met pursuant to the direction of the convention to perform the agreeable duty assigned us.

In all the splendid history of the great party which holds our loyal allegiance, the necessity was never more urgent for steadfast adherence to those wholesome principles which have been the sure foundation rock of our national prosperity. The demand was never greater for men who hold principle above all else, and who are unmoved either by the clamor of the hour or the promises of false teachers.

The convention at St. Louis in full measure met the high demands of the times in its declaration of party principles and in the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president.

Sir, the office for which you were nominated is of rare dignity, honor and power. It has been graced by the most prominent statesmen who have contributed to the upbuilding of the strength and glory of the republic.

Because of your exalted personal character and of your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the enduring principles of a protective tariff, which wisely discriminates in favor of American interests, and to a currency whose soundness and integrity none can challenge, and because of your conspicuous fitness for the exacting and important duties of the high office, the republican national convention, with a unanimity and enthusiasm rarely witnessed, chose you as our candidate for vice-president of the United States.

We know it to be gratifying to you personally to be the associate of William McKinley in the pending contest. For you and your distinguished associate we bespeak the enthusiastic and intelligent support of all our countrymen, who desire that prosperity shall again rule throughout the republic.

When Mr. Fairbanks had concluded, the people cheered and the band played. Mr. Hobart then made his reply amid great cheering. He said:

Mr. Hobart's Response.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION.—I beg to extend to you my grateful acknowledgments for the very kind and flattering terms in which you convey the formal announcement of my nomination for vice-president of the United States by the republican national convention at St. Louis. I am profoundly sensible of the honor which has been done me, and through me to the state in which all my life has been spent, in my selection as a candidate for this high office. I appreciate it the more because it associates me in a contest which involves the very gravest issues, with one who represents in his private character and public career the highest intelligence and best spirit of his party and with whom my personal relations are such as to afford a guarantee of perfect accord in the work of the campaign which lies before me. It is sufficient for me to say at this time, that, concurring without reserve in all the declarations of principle and policy enunciated in the St. Louis platform, I accept the nomination tendered me, with a full appreciation of its responsibilities, and with an honest purpose, in the event that the people shall ratify the choice made by the national convention, to discharge any duties which may devolve upon me with sole reference to the public good.

Let me add that it will be my earnest effort in the coming campaign to contribute in every way possible to the success of the party which we represent, and which, as to the important issues of the time, stands for the best interests of the people.

Understand or instability as to the money question involves most serious consequence to every interest and to every citizen of the country.

The gravity of this question can not be overestimated. There can be no financial security, no business stability, no real prosperity, where

in the integrity of our purpose. A doubt of that integrity among the other great commercial countries of the world will not only cost us millions of money, but that which, as patriots we should treasure still more highly—our industrial and commercial supremacy.

My estimate of the value of a protective policy has been formed by the study of the object lessons of a great industrial state extending over a period of 30 years. It is that protection not only builds up important industries from small beginnings, but that those and all other industries flourish or languish in proportion as protection is maintained or withdrawn. I have seen it indisputably proved that the prosperity of the farmer, merchant and all other classes of citizens goes hand in hand with that of the mechanic and manufacturer.

I am firmly persuaded that what we need, most of all, to remove the business paralysis that afflicts this country is the restoration of a policy which, while affording ample revenue to meet the expenses of the government, will reopen American workshops on full time and full-handed, with their operatives paid good wages in honest dollars. And this can only come under a tariff which will hold the interests of our people paramount in our political and commercial systems.

The opposite policy, which discourages American enterprise, reduces American labor to idleness, diminishes the earnings of American workmen, opens our markets to commodities from abroad which we should produce at home, while closing foreign markets against our products, and which, at the same time, steadily augments the public debt, increasing the public burdens, while diminishing the ability of the people to meet them, is a policy which must lead to our ruin.

I shall take any early opportunity, gentlemen of the committee, through you, to communicate to my fellow citizens, with somewhat more of detail, my views concerning the important questions of the hour and the crisis which confronts us as a nation.

With this brief expression of my appreciation of the distinguished honor that has been bestowed upon me, and this significance of my acceptance of the trust which has been thus summoned, I place myself at the service of the republican party and of the country.

CORDIAL RECEPTION

Accorded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston in London.

LONDON, July 8.—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston were accorded an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival here last night. The streets around the station in Euston square, the London terminus of the London & Northwestern railway, over which the special train of the Americans came, were blocked with people. The train was drawn by two engines decked with American flags. As it rolled into the station the crowd that had assembled greeted it with loud and prolonged cheers. The fine band of the London Honorable Artillery company was waiting in the station, and as the Americans alighted they were greeted with the strains of "Yankee Doodle." A number of the officers of the London organization were present to meet their guests and escort them to the company's quarters.

Thirty private omnibuses had been secured and in these the visitors were driven to the armory. The crowd was so dense for some distance along the route that it was impossible for the horses to go faster than a walk.

The lion is not by any means a loving or a lovable beast. I have not enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this king of quadrupeds in his native wilds and solitudes. I speak now simply from a home experience—from what I have seen of him in zoological gardens, traveling caravans and menageries; but, judging from these posts of observation, I think I have formed a tolerably fair estimate of his character and disposition. The story of the mouse that nibbled the net, set the captive monarch free, and earned the latter's undying gratitude; with that of Androcles, picking out the thorn, and discovering an old friend years afterwards in the fierce animal who had been commissioned to eat him, are all very well, and pretty and picturesque in their way, but these were evidently exceptionally good-natured brutes, and modern representatives of the "genus" would, I fear, have exhibited far less scruple and made short work of both.